2qg

even more so under bites. And no doubt there is something to be gained from not protesting immediately against them, but . . .

(Education through one's enemies.)

The important thing is not to let oneself be poisoned. Now, hatred poisons. Etc. . . .

DIMINUTIVE NOVEL

My profoundly creative mind was nourished especially by the still amorphous beauty of things. The work of art, purified *(drained* of ugliness), interested me only by the lasting element one feels in any fixing of a more perfect harmony. Life interested me more; more dramatic and pressing just because of its evanescence. The perfect harmony, always imaginable, appealed to me less than the crusty deformation of that harmony according to a personality. The will of the artist seemed to me to reside not so much in a choice of lines, tones, or sonorities with a view to a harmonious work as in a work in complete harmony to divert (distort) that harmony according to oneself. In any work I invariably looked for the trace of *man.*

Before the expectant beauty of crude nature my liberated brain became more excited than before the work of art. Admiration seemed less compromising, closer to adoration. I was ever more annoyed by the error of those who think it necessary to join art and nature. Certainly art hates nature; if it always seeks after her, it does so as a hunter in ambush or like a rival who embraces her only to strangle her.

Just now I am enjoying a country where no work of art reminds me of man's tiresome anxiety to exalt a passing emotion outside of time. I enjoy provoking God everywhere in persistent nature; I call him forth on all fields; this is to allow myself constantly a complete, a total admiration.

It is only through restraint that man can manage not to suppress
himself.

All the causes of ruin are in us; but artificially dominated: culture.

DIMINUTIVE NOVEL

Avignon.
The smell of the pines, the scent of the lavender.
Behind the arches of the bridges, those great swells that tie water
slowly carries along.